

# IWELVE SONGS OR AND A CANTATA

SETT TO MUSICK IN SCORE,

And are most humbly inscribed, to M<sup>rs</sup>. Trevanion,  
Lady of William Trevanion Esq; of Caerhays, Cornwall.  
Member of Parliament for Tregony, in the  
said County.

— By Her most Obedient

and  
Most Humble Servant,

Charles Bennett.

---

London Printed for the Author, & Sold by  
J. Johnson, facing Bow Church, Cheapside.

# L I S T

O F

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# SONG. I.

1

The Words by M<sup>r</sup> Wolcot.

Sym:

Vio: 1<sup>mo</sup>

Allegro Moderato

Vio: 2<sup>do</sup>

Flauto con Voce

Bafso

Haste, Haste A-

mos...lia gen...tle fair, To soft E.te..fi...an Gales, From Smoak, to

12

smil...ing Skies re-pair, And Sun...il...lumin'd vales, and Sun...il...  
6 # 6 6 6  
lumin'd vales: No Sigh, no mur...mur  
6 5 # 5 # 5 4+ 6 6  
haunts the Shade, But Blessings crown the Plain, Here calm Con-tent-m...nt  
6 6 5 6 5 6 5 4 3 6 5 7 6 5 6 5 4 3 5 7 6

Heav'n born Maid, and Peace the Cherub reign, and Peace the Cherub

6 7 5      6 6 3 2      6 6 7 5      6 5 4 3

reign.

7 5      6 6 6 4 5

## 2

O come, for Thee my Roses bloom:  
 The deep Carnation glows,  
 For Thee, sweet Vi'lets breath Perfume,  
 The white rob'd Lilly blows,  
 For Thee, their Streams the Nmaids roll,  
 The daised Hills are gay,  
 Where, Emblems of Amelia's Soul,  
 The spotlef's Lambkins play.

## 3

From Vale, to Vale, the Zephyrs rove,  
 To rob th' unfolding Flow'rs,  
 And Music melts in ev'ry Grove,  
 To charm thy rural Hours;  
 The warbling Lark, high poif'd in Air,  
 Exerts its tunefull Pride,  
 Stud'ous to please Amelia Fair,  
 Who pleuses all beside.

## SONG.II.

Vio: 1<sup>mo</sup>

Sym:

Vio: 2<sup>do</sup>

Affettuoso

Viola.

Basso

Sequester'd in a lonely Vale, When absent from his Love, The Turtle tells his mournfull  
Tale, And sighing fills the Grove; Echo, sweet Nymph, re-peats his Strains, And

bears them to the distant Plains; Echo, sweet Nymph, re-peats his strains, And  
6 6 6 5 6

bears them to the distant Plains.

<sup>6</sup> <sub>4</sub> <sup>6</sup> <sub>4</sub> <sub>3</sub> <sup>6</sup> <sub>4</sub> <sup>5</sup> <sub>3</sub>

2  
When e'er despoil'd, by Village Hinds,  
Is Philomela's Nest,  
Soon as the cruel loss she finds,  
What Sorrow swells her Breast,  
And as she mourns her infant Young,  
How sadly pleasing is her Song.

3  
Sweet Warbler cou'd my artless Strain,  
Like thine delight the Ear,  
Echo thro' many a distant Plain,  
My pit'ous Notes shou'd hear,  
Whilst I of ev'ry Joy forlorn,  
In Sighs my Cloes absence mourn.

4  
Fly, Echo fly, to Cloe haste,  
my fervent Pass'on tell,  
Go gentle Air, and fan her Breast,  
With many an am'rous Gale,  
Round her, in wanton Edd'e's play,  
And ev'ry Flame, but Loves alloy.

## SONG. III.

The Words by Miss Pitfield,

vio:1<sup>mo</sup>

Andante

vio:2<sup>nd</sup>

Andante

Bass

When Phoebus was driving, his Carr to the Sea, and had almost compleated his

Task for the Day, and had almost compleated his Task for the Day,

The Zephyrs, blow'd cool ly, the Meadows a long; And Birds, sweetly chanted, their

ev - en - tide Song; By a soft gliding Stream, in a close woven Shade, The  
 6 5 6 4 # 6 6  
 love-lorn Philander, despairing was laid.

2

With <sup>the</sup> Willow's pale green, both his Temples he wreath'd,  
 While his Daphne, grown false, in sad Accents he breath'd;  
 His Pipe, that gave Joy, when his Heart was at Ease,  
 Had lost its sweet Pow'r and no longer could please  
 His Crook had lain by, and his dear fleecy Charge,  
 Was left quite neglected, to wander at large.

3

Long time with pure Ardour, the fair One he lov'd,  
 While his Vows she receiv'd, and his Passion approv'd,  
 And when e'er, the fond Shepherd, declar'd his soft Flame,  
 She own'd her kind Bosom, for him felt the same,  
 Till Strephon, ah! luckless, was thrown in her way,  
 Who taught her Heart change, and first led it astray.

4

O! Ye Nymphs, and ye Shepherds, who hear the fond Swain,  
 Of his ill fated Passion, thus deeply complain,  
 With Pity attend, and lament his Distress,  
 For which the fond Shepherd, can hope no Redress,  
 Should his Daphne return, it were vain to believe,  
 She e'er could be constant, who once coul'd deceive.

## SONG IV.

vio: 1<sup>mo</sup>  
 Allegro Moderato

vio: 2<sup>d</sup>  
 Allegro Moderato

Basso

When Reason and Merit, give Sanction to love, How can Ye, Ye  
 fair Ones, my Passion re - prove, How can Ye, Ye fair Ones, my Passion re - prove;

for none, but the Prude my fond

Paf - sion dif - dains, And She boasts of Vir - tue, which yet She but feigns, For

none but the Prude, my fond Paf - sion dif - dains, And She boasts of Virtue, which

Sym:

yet She but feigns.

2  
Genteel is my Damon, engaging his Air,  
And his Cheeks, like the Morn, are both rudy, and fair,  
No vanity sways him, no folly is seen,  
But open his Temper, and Noble his Mein.

3  
His looks are good-humour'd, he's cheerfull, and guy,  
And his Voice can, like Music, chase Sorrow away,  
Of an affable Sweetness, that dwells on his Sp...  
He's willing to learn tho' he's able to teach.

He's promis'd to love me, as long as I live,  
And his Heart is too honest, to let him deceive,  
Then blame me, Ye Virgins, if Justly Ye can,  
For 'tis Virtue, and Honour, distinguish the Man.

## SONG . V.

Vio 1<sup>mo</sup>

*Allegro*

Vio 2<sup>d</sup>

*Allegro*

Bafso -

*Allegro*

Re - solv'd as her Poet, of Cælia to sing, For I - deas of Beau-ty, I've search'd thru' Spring to

Flow-ers soft bloom-ing, com-pard the sweet Maid But Flowers tho' bloom-ing, at Ev'n-ing will fade;

of Sun shine and Breezes, I next thought to write, Of the Breezes

soft, and the Sun - shine so bright, But these with my Fair, no Re - sem blance will hold, for the Sun sets at

Sym:

Night, & the Breezes grow cold.

The Clouds of mild Ev'ning, array'd in pale Blue,  
While the Sun-beams behind them, peep'd glitt'ring thro',  
Tho' to rival her Charms, they can never arise,  
Yet we thought they look'd something like Cælia's bright Eyes;  
These Beauties are transient, but Cælia will last,  
When Spring, and when Summer, and Autumn are past,  
For Sense, and good Humour, no Season disarms,  
And the Soul of my Cælia enlivens her Charms;

At length, on a Fruit Tree, a Blossom I found,  
Which Beauty display'd, and shed Fragrance around,  
I then thought the Muses, had smil'd on my Pray'r,  
This Blossom I cry'd, will resemble my Fair;  
These Colours so gay, and united so well,  
This delicate Texture, and ravishing smell,  
Be her Persons sweet Emblem, but where shall I find,  
In Nature a Beauty, to equal her Mind.

This Blossom so pleasing, at Summers gay Call,  
Must languish at first, and afterwards fall,  
But behind it the fruit, its Successor shall rise,  
By Nature dis-robd of its beaut'ous disguise,  
So Cælia when Youth that gay Blossom is o'er,  
By her Virtues improv'd shall engage me the more,  
Shall recall ev'ry Beauty, that brighten'd her Prime,  
When her Merit is ripen'd, by love, and by Time.

## SONG.VI.

Allegro

Term full as long as the Seige of old Troy; To win a sweet Girl my Time did employ; oft  
urg'd her the day, for our Marrage to set, as often she answer'd tis Time enough yet;  
Time enough yet, Time enough yet, As often she answer'd tis Time enough yet;  
I told her at last, that her Notions were wrong, And

more that I scorn'd to be fool'd with so long; She burst out a laughing at seeing me fret, and

humming a tune, cry'd tis Time enough yet; Time enough yet; Time enough yet; And

humming a tune, cry'd tis Time enough yet.

## 2

Determin'd by her to be laugh'd at no more,  
I flew from her Presence, and bounc'd out of Door,  
Resolv'd of her Usage the better to get,  
Or on her my Eyes again never to set,  
  
To me the next Morning, her Maid came in haste,  
And beg'd for God sake, I'd forget what was past,  
Declard her Young Lady, did nothing but fret,  
I told her I'd think on't, 'twas Time enough Yet.

## 3

She next in a Letter as long as my Arm,  
Declard from her Soul, she intended no harm,  
And beg'd I a Day for our Marriage woud set;  
I wrote her for Answer, 'Twas Time enough Yet;  
But that was scarce gone when a Message I sent,  
To shew in my heart, I began to relent,  
I beg'd I might see her, together we met,  
We kiss'd and were friends again, so we are yet.

## SONG. VII.

Vio: 1<sup>mo</sup>  
 Allegro Moderato

Vio: 2<sup>d</sup>  
 Allegro Moderato

Basso

How ple-a-fent

does the Plain appear, when e'er my lovely PHE--BE'S

Sym:

there,

And ev'-ry ob - joct fills my

S.y.m:

Eye, With sweet delights when she is by, With sweet delights when she is by.

5      6      7      6      6      4      5

6      6      6      7      5      6      4      5

2

The Feather'd Choirest of the Spring,  
When she is present, sweetly sing,  
And as they tune their thrilling Lays,  
They seem to warble PHEBE'S Praise.

3

The cristal Stream, and purling Rill,  
That glides beneath yon lofty Hill,  
In gentle Murmers both declare,  
That PHEBE'S fairest of the Fair.

4

The Lilly, und the Rose bud too,  
When she is present loose their Hue,  
Their Charms no more attract my Sight,  
For none but hers can yield Delight.

5

Thrice I spy all the live long Day,  
With her, I'd chace the Hours away,  
No other Joy I'd wish to prove,  
If once but blest with PHERES Love.

## SONG . VIII.

The Words by Miss Pitfield

Vio: 1<sup>mo</sup>

Tempo Moderato

Vio: 2<sup>do</sup>

Tempo Moderato

Basso

o! think not Da-mon I dis-dain a

Heart so pure as thine, o! think not Da-mon I disdain a Heart so pure as

sy:

thine,

6 4 5

A--- las I wish for Pow'r to gain, And to confirm it mine, A---  
las I wish, for Pow'r to gain and to confirm it mine.  
Ev'n Wit grows Folly too with Age,  
And all its Pow'rs decay,  
Vain are all Efforts to engage,  
In Lifes declining Ray.

<sup>2</sup>  
Love makes it's entry at the Eyes,  
When Youth, and Beauty, fires,  
But Oh! the Passion fades and dies,  
As its first Cause expires.

<sup>3</sup>  
Lo' Time has trumpl'd o'er my Face,  
And rifled ev'ry Charm,  
Nor has it left me there one grace,  
That can the lover warm.

<sup>4</sup>  
Then soften what we can't redress,  
This my request approve,  
Let me in thee, the Friend possess,  
Tho' fate forbids thy Love.

## SONG. IX.

The Words by M<sup>r</sup> St Aubyn

Vio: 1<sup>mo</sup>

Vio: 2<sup>do</sup>

Bafso

Allegro

Allegro

Twas once when bright PHÆBUS the God of the Day, had half thro' the Heavens, compleated his

way, had half thro' the Heavens compleated his way;

And y<sup>e</sup> Flocks scarce supporting, the fierce glowing Heat, All sought in y<sup>e</sup> Wood lands, a gratafull Retreat;

That Polly, and Betsey, fair Nymphs of the Grove, lay re-  
clined in an ar - bour dis-coursing of Love.

2  
Methinks; my dear Betsy your Notions are strange,  
Pray take my Advice, and at Liberty range,  
I ne'er yet experienc'd what tis to be true,  
But as Fancy still dictates my Pleasur pursue,  
To be constant, who can with that Maxim comply,  
I cant to such Nonsense conform no not I.

## 3

See th' Birds that are chirping, on yonder green spray,  
What Mortals so happy, so happy as they,  
No Vows e'er constrain them, no Promises bind,  
But in each feather'd Songster, a Lover they find,  
Then follow those Precepts, Variety prove,  
For none but mere Fools, are now constant in Love.

## 4

Indeed faithless Maid, you but argue in vain,  
For true to my Strephon, I'll ever remain,  
Deceiv'd by your cunning, a Dupe to your Art,  
A while cruel Maid, you possesst his fond Heart,  
Yet you quickly prov'd false, tho you vow'd to be true,  
Nor dreaded the fate, which to Perjury's due.

## 5

To my Hearts friendly Dictates then kindly give Ear,  
If you'd chuse to be happy, be always sincere,  
The Lovers by whom you're now fondly caress'd,  
Your falsehood discover'd, your charms will detest,  
Then take my Advice, and Sincerity prove,  
None but Jilts, and Coquets, are inconsistent in Love.

## SONG. X.

Vio: 1<sup>mo</sup>

Vio: 2<sup>do</sup>

Bass

Allegro

Allegro

$\frac{4}{2} \frac{6}{3}$

$\frac{6}{2}$

Ye Swains did ye

see e'er a Fair

Trip carelessly over yon Mead;

Trip car-les - ly ov - er yon

$\frac{6}{4} \frac{7}{5}$

Sym:

Mead;

With Ringlets of soft Flowing Hair,

And Garlands of Flow'r's on her Head, with Ringlets of soft flowing Hair, And Garlands of

Flow'r's on her Head.

2  
With Heav'n in her Aspect and Eye  
Her Cheeks like the Blush of the Rose,  
Her Lips of the Cherrys deep die,  
Her Breast Virgin Lillies compose.

3  
She fill'd me with Love, and Surprize;  
For sure like a Seraph she sings,  
I'd ha' swore she had dropt from the Skies,  
But did not observé she had Wings.

4  
Some thought it was Venus th' Queen,  
With those I cou'd almost agree,  
So lovely her Air, and her Mien,  
Twas certainly Emma, or She.

## SONG.XI.

Trav.<sup>a 1<sup>mo</sup></sup>  
Andante

Trav.<sup>a 2<sup>do</sup></sup>  
Andante

Flauto Piccolo  
con Vio.<sup>1<sup>mo</sup></sup>  
Andante

Vio.<sup>2<sup>do</sup></sup>  
Andante

Voice  
Andante

Bafso

The wake full Night in

A handwritten musical score for two voices (treble and bass) and basso continuo. The score consists of eight staves. The top four staves are for the two voices, with a brace grouping the first two and another brace grouping the next two. The bottom four staves are for the basso continuo. The music is in common time, with various key changes indicated by sharps and flats. Measure numbers are present at the beginning of some staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal parts, corresponding to the vocal entries.

gale, that takes no Rest, that takes no Rest, When Cupid warms his little Breast, when

Cupid warms his little Breast; The

wake-full Nightin---gale, that takes no Rest, that takes no Rest, when Cu- -pid warms his

little Breast, When Cupid warms his little Breast;

All Nighthow sad - ly

he complains And makes us fear that Love has Pains, And makes us fear tha Love has Pains,

No, No, No 'tis no such thing, for

Love that makes him wakefull, makes him sing, For Love that makes him wakefull makes him sing.

Musical notation: The score consists of five staves of music. The first four staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the fifth staff is in 2/4 time (indicated by a '2'). The music features various note heads, stems, and rests. Measure numbers 6, 6, 6, 5, 6, 4, and 5 are placed below the notes in the first four staves. The fifth staff begins with a measure containing a single note followed by a rest. The lyrics "Love that makes him wakefull, makes him sing, For Love that makes him wakefull makes him sing." are centered below the first four staves.

Musical notation: The score continues with five staves of music. The first four staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the fifth staff is in 2/4 time (indicated by a '2'). The music features various note heads, stems, and rests. Measure numbers 6, 4, 6, 6, 4, 6, 2, 6, 6, 6, 5 are placed below the notes in the first four staves. The fifth staff begins with a measure containing a single note followed by a rest.

# SONG. XII.

27

Allegro

Let sa ges with su -

perflous Pains, The learn - ed Page de - vor, whilst Flo - rio better Knowledge drains, from each in -

- structive Flow'r;

His fav' rite Rose, his fear a -

- alarms, all op - ening to the Sun, Like vain Co - quets, who spread their Charms, and shine to

be un - done, And shine to be undone.

2

The Tulip gaudy in its Dress,  
And made for nought but Show,  
In ev'ry Sense, may well express,  
The glittering empty Beau;  
The Snow-drop first, but peeps to Light,  
And fearfull shews its head,  
Thus modest Merit, shines more bright,  
By Self distrust misled.

3

The Aricula thro' Labour rose,  
Which shines compleat by Art,  
The force of Education shows,  
How much it can impart,  
He marks the Sensitive nice fit,  
Nor fears he to proclaim,  
If each man's darling Vice were hit,  
That he would act the Crime.

4

Beneath each common Hedge he views,  
The Violet with Care,  
Hinting we should not Worth refuse,  
Altho we find it there;  
The Tuberose that so lofty springs,  
Nor can support its Height,  
Well represents imperious Kings,  
Grown impotent by Might.

5

Fragrant, tho' pale the Lilly blows,  
To teach the female Breast,  
How Virtue can its Sweets disclose,  
In all Complexions drest,  
To ev'ry Bloom, that crowns the Year,  
Nature some Charm decrees,  
Learn hence ye Nymphs, her face to wear,  
Ye cannot fail to please.

## A CANTATA

Recit.<sup>e</sup>

Deep in the close Recesses of a Wood; A crystal Fountain pour'd its cooling Flood;

6

Wide spreading Trees their spacious Limbs display'd, yielding in Summer's Heat a gratefull Shade,

# C

The chaste DIANA sought this cool Retreat Fatig'd with Hunting, and the mid-day Heat, con-

ceal'd from view, a - side her Robes were flung, And full of Charms,in to the Stream She sprung;

42

6

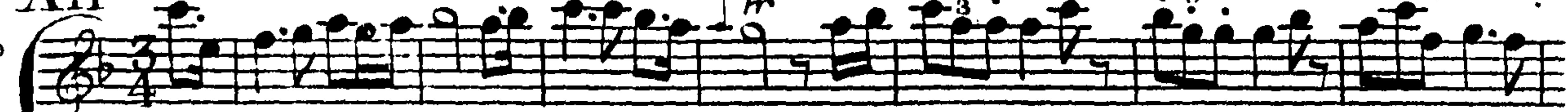
The young ACTÆON heated by the Chace, By fate impell'd sought out the well known Place, The

6

Goddes there he view'd with wond'ring Eyes: And thus express'd his Pafs'on and Surprise.

65

Air

Vio:1<sup>no</sup>

Amoroso

Vio:2<sup>do</sup>

Amoroso

B. C. G.



Lovely Goddess blooming Fair, Blest with never fading Charms, Blest with never fading Charms;

Hear, Oh! hear! a Lovers Pray'r, Hear Oh! hear! a Lovers

Pray'r, Oh! re - ceive him to your Arms, Oh! re - ceive him to your Armes

Let me clasp thee to my Breast,  
Let me take my fill of Joy,  
Make, Oh! make; a Lover blest,  
Blest with Charms, that ne'er can cloy..

Ne'er did Beauty thus before; warm my Soul, with am'rous Fire; warm my Soul, with am'rous  
 Fire; sure 'tis Venus I adore, sure 'tis  
 Venus I adore, Venus Queen of soft desire.  
 Recit<sup>e</sup> Awhile confus'd, the Goddess hung her Head, hiding her Face with crimson Blushes

spread, At length recover'd from the deep surprize, Whilst Anger flash'd from her disdainfull Eyes.

sparkling with Rage the Goddess silence broke, And thus indignant Chaste D I A N A spoke;

Air. { Allegro Spirito

Wretch that durst with Eyes im-pure, Thus my chaste Retreat profane, Thus my

chaste Retreat profane,

Think not to depart se-cure, Think not to de-part se-cure, For those Eyes shall be thy Bane,

For those Eyes shall be thy Bane;

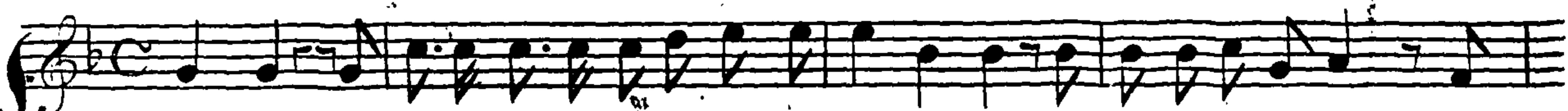
Hence then for thy bold In-tru-sion; thou anoth-er Form shalt wear, thou another Form shalt

wear; Quickly then, to thy Con-fu-sion, Quit that Form, and

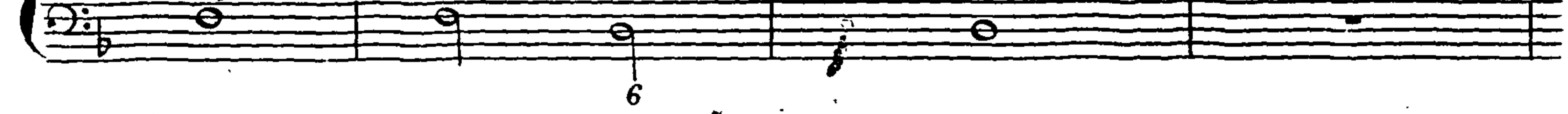
be a Deer, Quit that Form, and be a Deer.

The music consists of three staves for treble, bass, and alto voices, plus a basso continuo staff at the bottom. The voices are mostly in common time, while the continuo staff uses various time signatures (6, 4, 2, 3). Measure numbers are indicated above the top staff. The vocal parts have lyrics written below them. The continuo part includes basso and organum entries.

Recit. This said the Man began to disappear, By slow Degrees, and ended in a Deer. A



rising Horn on either Brow he wears, and stretches out his Neck, and pricks his Ears;



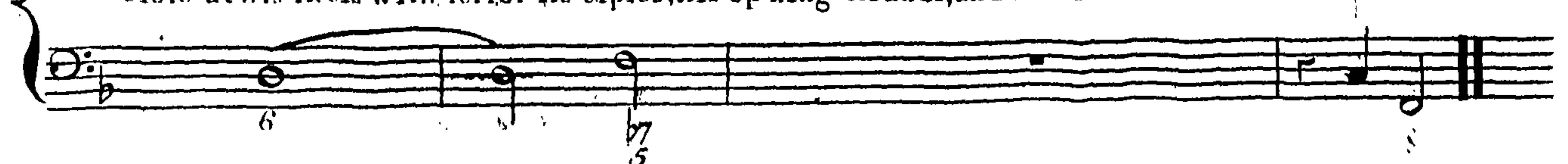
Rough is his Skin, with sudden Hairs o'er grown, His Bosom pants with



Fear, before unknown; Transform'd at Length, he flies away in Haste, And wonders why he flies away so fast.



Close at his Heels with Terror He espies, His op'nning Hounds, and hears their hid'ous Cries.



Corno 1<sup>mo</sup>  
Corno 2<sup>do</sup>



Allegro

See o'er the wide Forest, see,

see, how he bounds, while the Hunters pursue him with Horns, and with Hounds;

While the Hunters pursue Him with Horns, and with Hounds; A-way from their

Thunder, like Lightning He flys while the Woodlands re-echo re-echo their Cries;

A page of musical notation for a hunting song, featuring six staves of music and corresponding lyrics. The music is in common time, with various clefs (G, F, C) and key signatures (no sharps or flats). The lyrics describe a hunt in a woodland, mentioning stag, hounds, and the sound of their cries.

re - echo their Cries; re - echo their Cries; While the Woodlands reecho their  
Cries; The Hounds they press forwards,  
Stag in full view, And the swifter He flies, the more swift they pursue; And the  
swifter He flies, the more swift they pursue; To 'scape from destruction, how

Vainly He trys, till with panting grown faint; falls trembles, and dies; 'Till with.  
 5 6  
 panting, panting, panting grown faint falls, trem - bles,  
 6 6 6  
 trem - bles; trem - bles and dies, falls, trembles, falls, trembles and dies; dies;  
 5 3 6  
 dies; falls, trembles, falls, trembles and dies.  
 6 6

Soprano

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